and with six troopers had ridden boldly down the Champs Elysées. He was the first Prussian who entered Paris-to be followed during the morning by an apparently interminable host of infantry and cavalry, bronzed and weather-stained men, bearded, brusk, but silent in this hour of triumph. The people of Paris, gathered in surly groups upon every vantage ground, received them with a silence that almost could be felt. Gamins here and there hissed and uttered catcalls, or threw their caps in the air but these were scarcely interludes; and nothing so strange in history has been seen or known as this mute occupation of a conquered city by a great voiceless host moving like a machine through its heart.

Rohan heard the tramp of squadrons marching; he heard the clang of arms and the quick deep word of commandand he knew that he stood amid Prussians come to the possession of his be loved Paris. And yet in spite of all, the folly of his own mad desires now presented itself to him and left him dumb and ashamed. A true soldier, he asked what right had he to strike at these men in cold blood. Had the French would not he have victorious, entered Berlin with his regiment as these men were now entering Paris? And could his country be avenged by that which all law must still call "murder"? He began to see that this tragedy must continue to recoil not upon the enemies but upon the people of France. Every German word he heard in the Champs Elysées seemed to say: "Death, death to the vanquished!" His oath in the Café Richelieu rang in his ears as a clarion call to action.

Take me away, child," he said to the anon. "Let us go where there are no girl anon. "Let us go where there are in-Prussians—let us go away from Paris." "Monsieur," she said quietly, "do not Von will not always be

talk like that. You will not always be blind, monsieur. France has need of all her soldiers. Monsieur, be brave because you are a Frenchman."

He did not answer her; but permitted himself to be led away, he knew not whither. The houses of the streets through which they now passed were shuttered and deserted. Some of them showed gaping walls and sagging beams. were closed; the women abroad, and they were few, wore black dresses; the men went with downcast

eyes and weary steps,
"Where are you taking me, child—what street is this?" he asked the young

girl presently.

"Monsieur," she said, "it is the Rue de Guichy. One who loves you lives here."

"I do not understand you. Is my name known to you, then?"

"Very and the Viewste de Roban."

"You are the Vicomte de Rohan," she rejoined, "and you swore to take your life the day the Prussians entered Monsieur, that life is not yours to take. It is another's."

He stood still upon the pavement the stood still upon the pavement draw her closer to him. With the and drew her closer to him. instinctive liberty permitted to the blind, he passed his hands over her face, touching her hair, her eyes, her childish cheeks.

"I do not know you," he said at last; and turning from her he asked as one who would answer his own question: Who shall learn to love the Who shall live when life is not light?"

The girl caught his hand again, and entering one of the houses in a little strect near the Madelaine, she led him up to an apartment on the second floor, and turning a key in the outer door entered a spacious room, through whose wide windows the light came uncur-tained to the soldier's white bed below. "Monsieur," she cried in triumph,

"here is some one who loves you—here is my father!"

A soldier lay on the camp-bed, a veteran of many battles, but now a wan shrunken figure of a man whose face the finger of wounds and privation had touched, but in whose eyes the fires of youth still burned.

"Pierre," the soldier exclaimed-"it is



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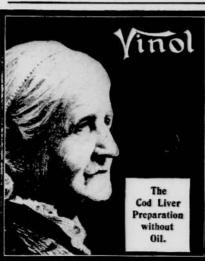
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I. Maurice! Have you forgotten Worth already? He raised himself up in his bed and

stretched out both hands. These to cavalry charge at Worth, and Maurice Just had carried the Vicomite Rohan across his saddle while the Pro-Roban across his salready busy among their comrades. Invalided home, nursel devotedly by his daughter, Maurice had known nothing of his old comrade condition until yesterday—and then he has doubted if the tidings were not too late

"It is I, Maurice, old comrade! Why have you deserted me?" he exclaimes as the Vicomte stood voiceless by his bedside. "Nay, come nearer! Let me touch your hands; let me hear your voice! Speak not of misfortune. Then is no misfortune while we love, no night while the sun shines in our hearts, at me, Pierre-I have sent for you to redeem the oath, sworn Worth, that you would give me life for life. I will have it to-day your life old comrade, that hand in hand with me we shall live the years together. Nay, are you silent? Look at me I say! Has God no sight to give you that you may look into the heart of a man who loves you. Is it all darkness that you see no new France rising on the ashes of the old, no flowers of the growing upon the graves of the Are you the only one to say 'Woel' to us when every true French voice cose 'Revenge'? Look up and se, comrade The God of France will guide your eyes aright,"

He drew the trembling window and clasped his hand in an iron grip. The sun shone u both as from a riven cloud The sun shone upon then above the house.

There were tears in the Visconte's ever when, kneeling suddenly by the bed-side, he cried: "My God I hear Thy message! The veil is lifted from my eyes—let me live that I may see the hear Thy sun shining again upon the my country!"

Edmund Orlopp told D lives the story that night when the ho of the Germans lighted the ev alore Western Paris and the whole the heavy tread of armed across the Rhine.

"It was lucky I thought of St. Just," said he; "two old as gether are very much like boys. The man who saved y school at Worth was the right it here in Paris. It was ju accident, that was all, Dole a happy

"All your accidents are mund," she said; and then Et ced him Do you believe that he will a his sight? The child tells me knew the sun shone this morn that he ng when he stood by Maurice's bedside

"Imagination possibly. Let us hope for the best. At least he has been spared much, and yonder is a light we shall never see in Paris again, Dolores

He indicated the Prussian watch-fires, and standing with her close to him at an open window heard her earnest prayer it might be so.

Neither foresaw the cataclysm about to burst upon the city, nor dreamed of those terrible days of blood and fir which vanquished Paris must live through

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## MUNICIPAL STARS

SIR HENRY IRVING has car O merriment in old England by ing that Manchester will yet have a theater with a lord mayor for star

They feel differently about it in where the Hon, George Coppin sat years in the Victoria Parliament, the Australia's most popular comedian an ledged "Father of the Australia His parliamentary colleague, Mor

the Colony's great tragedian, one for in a crisis to form a new governor once took the part of Hamlet in ormance for the Melbourne which every male character

PASSENGER